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ES BY JOHN RUSKIN
ON HIS WATER-COLOURS
BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

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NOTES BY JOHN RUSKIN
ON HIS DRAWINGS BY
J. M. W. TURNER.

NOTICE.

A few copies remain of the notes which accompanied the exhibition in 1878 of these drawings. These contain Part II on Mr. Ruskin's own Handiwork illustrative of Turner. 146 pages.

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1878 & 1900.

THE CITY CENTER
LIBRARY

NOTE CONCERNING THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

AFTER an interval of twenty-two years the Fine Art Society have again the privilege of exhibiting to the public the collection of Turner drawings which, in 1878, were shown in their galleries through the kindness of Mr. Ruskin. In consenting to a second exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, to whom the drawings have been bequeathed, have yielded to a very widely-expressed desire that they might be seen a second time by many who enjoyed the great artistic treat when they were here before, and by still more who have grown into manhood since 1878.

As the drawings will again be accompanied by the Notes which Mr. Ruskin prepared to accompany the exhibition, it is necessary, in consequence of their somewhat fragmentary nature, to recall the circumstances under which they were compiled.

The exhibition in 1878 was timed to open early in March, and Mr. Ruskin (it will be seen) completed the preface on the 12th, and the Notes proper on the 21st February. He had more to say, but he was suddenly stricken by an alarming illness, and it was not until the 10th of May following that he was able to put together that which appears here as the Epilogue.



INTRODUCTION.

THE following main facts respecting the tenour of Turner's life and work may be depended upon, and should be kept in mind, as they are evidenced by, or illustrate, the pieces of his art here shown.

He was born on St. George's Day in 1775. He produced no work of importance till he was past twenty;—working constantly, from the day he could hold a pencil, in steady studentship, with gradually increasing intelligence, and, fortunately for him, rightly guided skill. His true master was Dr. Munro:—to the practical teaching of that first patron, and the wise simplicity of the method of water-colour study in which he was disciplined by him, and companioned by Girtin, the healthy and constant development of the youth's power is primarily to be attributed. The greatness of the power itself, it is impossible to over-estimate. As in my own advancing life I learn more of the laws of noble art, I recognise faults in Turner to which once I was blind; but only as I recognize also powers which my boy's enthusiasm did but disgrace by its advocacy.

In the summer of 1797, when he was two-and

twenty, he took, if not actually his first journey, certainly the first with fully prepared and cultivated faculties, into Yorkshire and Cumberland.

In the following year he exhibited ten pictures in the Royal Academy, to one of which he attached the first poetical motto he ever gave to a picture. The subject of it was "Morning among the Coniston Fells," and the lines chosen for it, these,—(Milton's) :

"Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author, rise."

As I write the words, (12th February, 1878, in the 80th year since the picture was exhibited), I raise my eyes to these Coniston Fells, and see them, at this moment imaged in their lake, in quietly reversed and perfect similitude, the sky cloudless above them, cloudless beneath, and two level lines of blue vapour drawn across their sun-lighted and russet moorlands, like an azure fesse across a golden shield.

The subjects of the other pictures exhibited in that year, 1798, had better be glanced at in order, showing as they do the strong impression made on his mind by the northern hills, and their ruins.

WENSLEYDALE.

DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

NORHAM CASTLE.

HOLY ISLAND CATHEDRAL.

AMBLESIDE MILL.

BUTTERMERE LAKE.

THE FERN HOUSE, MICKLEHAM, SURREY.

Four of the pencil drawings, exhibited here among the illustrative sketches, were, I doubt not, made on this journey.

The first group of drawings, 1 to 5, belong to the time of his schooling and show the method of it completely. For simplicity in memory it will be wise, and practically and broadly true, to consider this period as extending to the close of the century, over the first twenty-five years of Turner's life. In 1800 he exhibited his first sacred and epic picture, the "Fifth Plague of Egypt," and his established work and artist-power begin.

It is usual, and I have hitherto complied with the general impression on this matter in my arrangements of his work, to divide its accomplished skill into three periods, early, middle, and of decline. Of course all such arrangement is more or less arbitrary; some virtues are lost, some gained, continually; and, on the whole, the best method of understanding and clearest means of remem-

bering the facts will be simply to divide his art-life by tens of years. The distinctions of manner belonging to each decade are approximately very notable and defined. Here is a brief view of them.

FIRST PERIOD. 1800-1810.

His manner is stern, reserved, quiet, grave in colour, forceful in hand. His mind tranquil; fixed, in physical study, on mountain subject; in moral study, on the Mythology of Homer and the Law of the Old Testament.

SECOND PERIOD. 1810-1820.

His manner becomes gentle and refined in the extreme. He perceives the most subtle qualities of natural beauty in form and atmosphere; for the most part denying himself colour. His execution is unrivalled in precision and care. His mind fixed chiefly on the loveliness of material things; morally, on the passing away of human life, as a cloud, from the midst of them.

THIRD PERIOD. 1820-1830.

A great change gradually takes place, owing to some evil chances of his life, in his moral temper.

He begins, after 1825, to exert and exhibit his power wantonly and irregularly, the power itself always increasing, and complete colour being now added to his scale in all conception. His handling becomes again more masculine, the refined work being reserved for particular passages. He forms, in this period, his own complete and individual manner as a painter.

FOURTH PERIOD. 1830-1840.

He produces his most wonderful work in his own special manner,—in the perfect pieces of it, insuperable. It was in this period that I became aware of his power. My first piece of writing on his works was a letter, intended for the papers, written in defence of the picture of “Juliet and her Nurse,” exhibited in 1836 (when I was seventeen). The following pictures are examples of his manner at this period, none of them, unhappily, now in anything like perfect preservation, but even in their partial ruin, marvellous. (The perfect pieces which I have called insuperable are the drawings made in the same years, of which examples are given in the collection.)

CHILDE HAROLD	<i>Exhibited in</i> 1832
THE GOLDEN BOUGH	1834
MERCURY AND ARGUS	1836
JULIET AND HER NURSE	1836

SHYLOCK (THE RIALTO OF VENICE) (once mine)	1837
HERO AND LEANDER	1837
VAL D'AOSTA (AVALANCHE)	1837
PHRYNE	1838
MODERN ITALY	1838
THE SLAVE-SHIP (once mine)	1838
THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE	1838

FIFTH AND LAST PERIOD. 1840-1850.

Virtually, the works belonging to this period are limited to the first five years of it. His health, and with it in great degree his mind, failed suddenly in the year 1845. He died in 1851. The paintings of these five closing years are, to the rest of his work, what Count Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous are to the Waverley Novels. But Scott's mind failed slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees; Turner's suddenly with snap of some vital chord in 1845. The work of the first five years of the decade is in many respects supremely, and with *reviving* power, beautiful. The "Campo Santo, Venice," 1842, and the "Approach to Venice," 1844, were, when first painted, the two most beautiful pieces of colour that I ever saw from his hand, and the noblest drawings in the present series are of the years 1842 and 1843.

Morning breaks as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey

beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake-shore.

Oh, that some one had but told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed ; and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more !

BRANTWOOD, 12th February, 1878.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THE drawings here shown are divided into groups, not chronological merely, but referred to the special circumstances or temper of mind in which they were produced. Their relation to the five periods of Turner's life, which are defined in the Introduction, is, therefore, a subdivided one, and there are ten groups of drawings illustrating the six periods, in the manner shown in this table.

Divisions in the Introduction.		Divisions in the Catalogue.	
SCHOOL DAYS, 1775-1800.		GROUP I.	1775-1800.
1st PERIOD, 1800-1810.		GROUP II.	1800-1810.
2nd PERIOD, 1810-1820.		GROUP III.	1810-1820.
3rd PERIOD, 1820-1830	{ Before change.	GROUP IV.	1820-1825.
	{ During change.	GROUP V.	1825-1830.
4th PERIOD, 1830-1840	{ Best England drawings.	GROUP VI.	1830-1840.
	{ Most highly finished vignettes, etc.	GROUP VII.	1830-1840.
	{ Best France drawings.	GROUP VIII.	1830-1840.
5th PERIOD, 1840-1845	{ Best Alpine Sketches.	GROUP IX.	1840-1845.
	{ Finished drawings in realization of them for friends.	GROUP X.	1840-1845.

FIRST GROUP. SCHOOL DAYS,
1775-1800.

I.

THE DOVER MAIL.

A drawing of his earliest boyhood, deeply interesting in the number of the elements of his character already shown to be determined.

First, A. his interest in sailors, and in such conditions of lower English life as were connected with them; not jesting with it, like Marryat or Dickens, but giving, so far as he could, the mere facts of it, I do not know with what personal feeling about them, how far, that is to say, the interest was joyful, how far regretful, and how far morbid. I shall return presently to this question. See Devonport No. 30.

B. The perfect power already attained over the means at his disposal. It is impossible to lay a flat wash of water-colour better than this sky is laid.

C. Perception of qualities of size, and aerial distance, the castle being already treated with almost as much sense of its vastness, and pale hue in distance, as ever was shown in his central work.

D. Love of mist, and gradations of vanishing form: see the way he dwells on the effect of the dust from the coach-wheels.

E. Perfectly decisive drawing of whatever is seen, no slurring of outline, and the effect of the dust itself got, not by rubbing out, but by pure painting.¹

¹ I am advised by a friend and good judge that this is not so. It does not matter, however—all his beautiful mist effects in the fine drawings are unquestionably got by pure painting.

F. Conventional touch for trees; taught to the boy by his masters: conquered gradually as we shall see, by his own intense veracity, but never wholly, even to the end of life. No bad habit of youth ever can be, and I give this drawing so much importance, in description, because it shows a quite unthought of fact in human nature, that all a *man* is, (as with a crow or a duckling,) *was* in the shell of him, mental vulgarity and all! The moral question of his life is, what of this good in him you can *get at* and nourish; what of the bad, chain down.

NOTE.—*Tunbridge Castle, Bergamo, and the Ruined Abbey, which were in this group in the Exhibition of 1878, have been given to Oxford, and are consequently not now exhibited.*

2. PEN AND BRITISH INK SKETCH made on the back of a letter in which a friend had asked for some advice about drawing. He just turned the paper, drew, wrote, and sent back folded the other way.

An example of the advancing method of study.

3. TURNER'S FIRST SKETCH of Coniston "Old Man," and on the reverse the lions on a coat-of-arms drawn in his father's shop. Painted 1797. On the back of the frame is the following:—"This sketch was discovered among several I was going to return to Dr. Pocock, of whom I begged it when I saw what it was. I now make it No. 1 of the Brantwood series of Turner drawings. John Ruskin, 22nd March, 1889."

See also "Introduction," page 6, regarding picture founded on this drawing.

Not in the 1878 Exhibition.

4. KILGARRON CASTLE.

Acquired by Mr. Ruskin since the 1878 Exhibition.

5. EARLY DRAWING OF AN OLD MAN WITH MULE.

Not previously exhibited.

6. ST. AGATHA'S ABBEY.

Acquired by Mr. Ruskin since the 1878 Exhibition.

SECOND GROUP. THE ROCK FOUNDATIONS, SWITZERLAND, 1800-1810.

7.

LAKE OF THUN FROM NEUHAUS.

The Niesen dark in centre; the group of the Stockhorn in light, in the distance.

This drawing begins the series which I hold myself greatly fortunate in possessing, of studies illustrative of the first impression made on Turner's mind by the Alps.

To most men of the age (he was at this time five-and-twenty) they are entirely delightful and exhilarating: to *him* they are an unbroken influence of gloomy majesty, making him thenceforth of entirely solemn heart in all his work, and giving him conceptions of the vastness and rock-frame of the earth's mass, which afterwards regulated his design, down even to a roadside bank.

Three out of the six drawings in this group are studies, not made on the spot, but records, for future use, of the actual impression received on the spot; to be afterwards completed into a drawing, if required.

And observe generally, Turner never, after this time, drew from nature without *composing*. His lightest pencil sketch was the plan of a picture, his completest study on the spot, a part of one. But he rarely painted on the spot;—he looked, gathered, considered;—then painted the sum of what he had gained, up to the point necessary for due note of it—and, much more of the impression, since that would pass, than of the scene, which would remain.

The Niesen and Stockhorn might be completely drawn at any time; but his vision of them amidst their thunder-clouds, and his impression of the stormy lake, with the busy people at its shore, careless of storm or calm, was to be kept. And kept it was, to his latest day, realized first completely in the “Lake of Thun,” of the *Liber Studiorum*.

The study itself, however, is far inferior to most of his work; the mountain is curiously heavy and over-charged in darkness; there is, perhaps, scarcely another of his drawings showing this fault to such a degree; but he was not yet well on his guard against it, and was working chiefly with a view to gain power. Hence the blackness of the Calais Pier, and other oil paintings of this time.

8. VEYAY.

A few of the backs of the houses of the lovely old village, as they used to rise out of the lake,—the sun setting over Jura in the distance. Inestimable in its quiet tone, the grandeur of form perceived in simple things; already he shows the full passion for the mystery of light, which was to be the characteristic influence of his future art.

The drawing is otherwise interesting as a very clear example of his practice at this time in dark drawings,

manufacturing his own tinted paper with a wash of grey, and taking out the lights.

9. BONNEVILLE, SAVOY.

A quite stupendous study, recording, probably, Turner's first impression as he drew near the great Alps. He painted it again and again, but none of the more finished realizations approach the majesty of this sketch, which adds to all its other merits that of being literally true. The grand old keep on the right with round towers at the angles, stood till within the last ten years, and was then pulled down for such use as its stones and ground would serve for; the more extensive ruins on the farther crag were about the same time bought by an "avocat" of the place, and cleared away, he building for himself a villa with a roof in the style of a Chinese pagoda, where the main tower had been. It does not in the least matter to the British public, who rarely stop now at Bonneville even for lunch; and never look at anything on the road to it, being told there is nothing to be seen till they get to Chamouni.

To me it once mattered not a little, for I used to pass months and months at Bonneville climbing among the ravines of the Mont Vergi; but shall, probably, never be there again: so now *I* need not mind, neither.

In all points of composition and execution, this drawing is insuperable, as an example of Turner's grandest manner, nor has any painter in the world ever rivalled it in calm reserve of resource, and measured putting forth of strength. Mountains, properly speaking, never had been drawn before at all, and will, probably, never be drawn so well again.

10. THE AIGUILLETTE. *First Study.*

The peak forming the central subject in this drawing is the termination of a range of limestone crags, joining the Aiguille de Varens on the north, and forming a seeming pinnacle above this ravine, which descends into the valley of the Arve between the Nant d'Arpenaz and village of Maglans.

The little bridge and cottage stood exactly as Turner has drawn them, in my young days. The sketch has been quite literal; only afterwards Turner was vexed with the formality of the gable, and rubbed out a minor one in white—only its place suggested—the other still showing through. The cottage is now gone; the bridge would scarcely be noticed, the diligence road goes over so many like it. Note especially that Turner at *this* time of his work does not make things more picturesque than they are, in first sketching them; there is no coaxing or breaking the simple masonry of the commonplace arch.

11. THE AIGUILLETTE. *Finished Drawing.*

But here, when he completes the composition for a perfect rendering of his impression of the Valley of Cluse, he bends and breaks it a little, making it, so, really more true to the spirit of the place; for the bridges generally *are* curved or broken in and out a little, and this one is rare in its formality.

This drawing has been made at least five years later than the sketch; the power of drawing animals having been perfected in the meanwhile (of which presently). It is unique, to my present knowledge, in grave purity and majestic delicacy among the drawings of this period. His memory fastens intensely on the first impression of the pastoral moun-

tains, and the change, under the power of Hermes, of the white cloud on the hill into the white flocks in the valley.

He was always fond of the junction of streams; at the right hand, in the lower corner of the drawing, the strong eddies of the Arve itself mingle with the calm of the waters of the little brook ending their course. The stones through which these eddies flow indicate, by their sloping cleavage, that they are a part of the great rock system over which the cascade falls in the middle distance.

The harmony of blue and warm brown, constant in his finest early work, is here perfected. The blue of the shadowy cloud cannot be lovelier, the warm colour is concentrated by the little pitcher and horse saddle (see how little is enough!), and all thrown into light and air by the black dog.

Look carefully, and with magnifying glass, at the crowded sheep.

The trees are still very rudely drawn, and it took some four or five years more to develop his strength into the serene splendour in which he produced the great series of Italian designs which we have next to examine.

NOTE.—*No. 56 is included in this group.*

THIRD GROUP. DREAMLAND, ITALY,
1810-1820.

12.

I SOLA BELLA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

Here begins a series which expresses the mind of Turner in its consummate power, but not yet in its widest range. Ordering to himself still the same limits in method and aim, he reaches, under these conditions, the summit of excellence, and of all these drawings there is but one criticism possible—they “cannot be better done.” Standards of exquisitest landscape art, the first of such existent among men, and unsurpassable.

We begin with the simplest, apparently; perhaps, if we had time to analyze it, the most wonderful in reality; its charm of harmony being reached through such confusion of form, and its charm of poetry through such poverty of material. Flower-pots, pedestals of statues, and gravel walks, chiefly; for the statues themselves are, in the reality, commonest garden ornaments, nor otherwise here represented. But the sense of calm sunshine, of peace and purity in the distant hills, and of orderly human affection at rest in playful artifice among them, render the drawing, to myself, a very chiefly valued possession.

13. TURIN, FROM THE CHURCH OF THE SUPERGA.

One of the most interesting compositions here, in its demonstration of Turner's first principle of

carrying his masses by other masses.¹ (Compare 29.) He learned it, without doubt, from Titian and Veronese; adopting their architecture as his ideal; but, for *his* foundations, such figures as he saw, here on one side, beggars, attendant now always in the portico of palace or church. Beyond the city, the straight road through the plain was a principal object in Turner's mind, the first fifteen miles of approach to the path of the Ceniz.

The inlaid diamond-shaped mosaics in the pavement, which complete the perspective of the distance, are his own invention. The portico is in reality paved with square slabs of marble only.

14. FLORENCE, FROM FIESOLE.

Showing the enormous advance made in his tree drawing, since the thorny branches of No. II. But chiefly, this piece is notable for the tenderness of its distant undulating hills; carried out with subtlety of tint and perfectness of form, quite undreamt of before Turner saw it.

He had great sympathy at this time with monks; and always drew them reverently and well. The little bend of wall within which they are placed is not really a part of the Franciscans' garden, but one of the turns of the road in the ascent to Fiesole.

15. THE BRIDGE OF NARNI.

The railroad between Perugia and Rome now passes along the opposite bank of the river, the station being just outside the picture, to the right;

¹ Putting the figures here as definitely for the foundation of the pillars as a Lombard would put his dragon sculptures.

few travellers, as they pass, getting even a glimpse of the grand ruin of the Roman bridge, still less of the mediæval one just above.

Turner's mind, at this time, was in such quiet joy of power, that he not so much wilfully as inevitably, ignored all but the loveliness in every scene he drew. This river is, in truth, here neither calm nor pure; it is the white and sulphurous Nar of which Virgil uses the name and the image, in the great line which, with its deep, redoubled full vowels, imitates the trumpet call of the Fury.

Audiit et Triviæ longè lacus, audiit amnis,
Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini.

(Compare, by the way, for the Virgilian art—

—longa canoros

Dant per colla modos ; sonat amnis, et Asia longè
 Pulsa palus.)

Assuming, however, that the stream is to be calm and clear, a more lovely study of water-surface does not exist. Note again Turner's sympathy with monastic life, in the way he leads the eye by the bright trees to the convent on the hill, seen through the ruined Roman arch.

16. THE FALLS OF TERNI.

"Fontesque Velini," themselves. Probably the most perfect piece of waterfall-drawing in existence. The Reichenbach at Farnley and the High Fall of Tees run it hard; but they both break more into foam, which is comparatively easy; while the subtlety of the drawing of the massy veil of water here shadowing the cliff is beyond all other conquest of difficulty supreme. For pure painting of light and

mist also I know nothing like it, the rock drawing through the spray showing that the work is all straightforward, there is no sponging.

The public seem to agree with me in their estimate of this drawing. I had to give 500 guineas¹ for it at Christie's.

17. ROME, FROM THE MONTE MARIO.

The Turner drawings of Rome, and Tivoli, made in the first enthusiasm of his art, and with a devotion to his subject, which arose from a faith in classic tradition and classic design quite inconceivable to the dilettante temper of the modern connoisseur, will in future be held precious among European treasures of art, not only because they are the subtlest pieces of point-work executed since the best days of the Florentines, but the most accurate pieces of topography extant, either among architects or engineers, of the central city of the world.

This little drawing represents, within its compass of $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$, every principal building in Rome, in Turner's time, so far as they could be seen from this point; and that with such earnestness and accuracy that if you take a lens of good power to it, you will find even the ruinous masonry of the arches of the Coliseum distinctly felt and indicated.

The most accomplished gem engraving shows no finer work, and, in landscapedrawing, not the slightest attempt has ever been made to match it.

18. NEMI.

No less true, this, than the Rome; but with clearer and lovelier light, and a sense of whatever is most

¹ And more, but I forget exactly how much.

beautiful and awful in the repose of volcanic Italy, which stayed in his mind for ever, forming all his thoughts of Fate and life. The skipping goats are meant for opposition to this key-note of beautiful terror.

Consummate in all ways. I have never seen, and would give much to see, the Hakewill drawing of La Riccia: but, unless that beats it, this is the loveliest of the series.

For example of Turner's execution, see how the light tree is left, and he finishes the distant lake and crag; and note, with lens, that the houses of the village on the right are painted *before* the sea horizon, which is laid in afterwards with a wash that stops short before touching the houses.

19. VESUVIUS CALM.

With the Nemi, my Hakewill possessions end, (to my extreme discontent), but this drawing is of the same time, and no less exquisite in work, perhaps surpassing all in qualities of delicate mist.

As a composition, it is interesting in bringing us first clearly acquainted with a principle of Turner's, of which as we go on we shall see numerous instances, always to repeat a form which had become too conspicuous, and to divert the eye from it. The duplicate sails, made here so conspicuous on both sides, are thus introduced entirely to divert the eye from the too distinct duplicity of the mountain cone. Compare notes on No. 29 and No. 42.

20. VESUVIUS ANGRY.

I am very thankful to possess these companion drawings, but chiefly this one, because the engraving

from it was the first piece of Turner I ever saw. It was published by Smith and Elder in their annual, "Friendship's Offering," when I was a mere boy; and what between my love of volcanoes, and geology,—my delight in Miss Edgeworth's story of "The Little Merchants,"—and my unconscious sense of real art, I used to feast on that engraving every evening for months, and return to it again and again for years, before I knew anything either about drawing, or Turner, or myself. It is a most valued possession to me now, also, because it proves irrefragably that Turner was *reserving* his power, while he made all these tender and beautiful drawings; that he had already within himself the volcano of fiercer fire; and that it was no change of principle or temper, but the progressive expression of his entire mind, which led him, as life wore on, to his so-called "extravagant" work, of which more presently: in the meantime observe that the execution of this terrific subject is just as pure and quiet as that of the lake of Nemi, and the complex drawing of the volcanic cloud finished with the precision of a miniature.¹

A good objection was made to the design by my keenly thoughtful friend, W. Kingsley. He said that he believed Turner had never seen an eruption; if he had, he would have made the falling ashes obscure the flame. I think we may receive the scene, however, as one of instantaneous renewed eruption. The ashes will be down on us in half a minute more, but, till that curtain falls, we can see clearly.

¹ For this drawing, and its companion, Turner had fifteen guineas each. I was obliged, at Christie's, to give three hundred, and odd, for "The Calm," and two hundred and fifty for "The Anger."

FOURTH GROUP. REALITY. ENGLAND
AT REST.

21.

H EYSHAM (VILLAGE OF), LANCASTER BAY AND
CUMBERLAND HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

This lovely drawing, with the group it introduces, shows the state of Turner's mind in its first perfect grasp of English scenery, entering into all its humblest details with intense affection, and shrinking from no labour in the expression of this delight, not only in the landscape but the sky, which is always more lovely in his English drawings than in any other.

I cannot strictly date the Yorkshire series, but in general temper and power they are slightly in advance of the Hakewill: the foliage more free, rich and marvellous in composition; the effects of mist more varied and true, the rock and hill drawing insuperable; the skies exquisite in complex form, his first and most intense cloud painting. (In this Heysham there is more design, and more work, in the sky alone than would make a dozen of common water-colour drawings; compare No. 28, page 34,) and all this done without losing for a moment the sincere simplicity of the wild country and homely people, in any morbid or strained idealization.

22. EGGLESTONE ABBEY.

One of the finest of the series in its foliage: notable also for intense truth to the spot: the little

brooklet and dingle joining the Tees on the right being not even the least displaced to bring them within the picture.

I fear the drawing is much faded; I never saw it in its freshness, but suppose the distant foliated arches of the abbey were once far more distinct. The effect was always, however, one of misty diffused sunshine: and the simple colours have changed so harmoniously that I find in their faintness more to discover through mystery than to surrender as lost.

The cluster of foliage in the foreground will be seen to have been much altered before he got it to his mind, and will serve to show how easily his alterations may be detected; the tall trees on the left in their perfect freshness of straightforward execution serve for ready means of comparison.

23. SCARBOROUGH—*This drawing was acquired by Mr. Ruskin subsequent to the Exhibition in 1878.*

24. RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

A favourite subject with him: painted twice also in the England series. The most beautiful of the three drawings, after engraving its outline carefully for "Modern Painters," I gave to Cambridge, where it now leads the series of Turners in the Fitzwilliam Museum. The second subject, though a lovely drawing, I got provoked with for having a manufactory in it; (alas, the entire scene is now destroyed by a complete inferno of manufactory at the base of the Castle!) and allowed Mr. Gambart to get it from me; this last one, I don't think anybody is likely to get, while I live. There is no more lovely rendering of old English life; the scarcely altered sweetness of

hill and stream, the baronial ruins on their crag, the old-fashioned town with the little gardens behind each house, the winding walks for pleasure along the river shore—all now, in their reality, devastated by the hell-blasts of avarice and luxury.

25. FARNLEY.

I have no more drawings (I wish I had !) belonging to the published Yorkshire series. My best of all, the junction of the Greta and Tees, I gave to Oxford; and these which now follow are drawings belonging to the same period, showing the kind of work he did for the pleasure of English gentlemen, in the representation of their houses.

He visited much at this time : was of course always kindly treated, and did his utmost to please his hosts by faithful and lovely drawings of their houses.

There are no drawings by his hand finished with so great care as the good examples of this most accurately “domestic” landscape.

This drawing of Farnley Hall is an entirely characteristic one. The subject itself is by no means interesting ; and would not have stayed Turner for a moment in itself, the blank broad hillside being extremely difficult to treat, and its scattered piece of wood, apparently intractable into any grace of composition. But not a space of the park is modified : just as the trees really were set, he sets them ; marks carefully the line of the drive up to the house, and then applies his whole skill to lead the eye delightedly into the finitudes of distance across the moorlands ; and to find minute decoration of herbage and heath amongst the sandstone blocks of the foreground. There is nothing more lovely, or more true, existent by his hand.

26. THE "PEASANT'S NEST," FARNLEY.

The drawing, kindly identified by Major Fawkes, came to me with No. 27, from a collection in the West of England, sold in the year 1868.

It is the first example we have seen of Turner's body-colour work on grey paper, being, as before observed, totally in this manner; and not at all allowing the mixture of transparent with opaque pigment.

It will, I hope (with No. 25), put an end to the ordinary notion that Turner "could not *draw* trees." But it may very well encourage the also very ordinary, and much better founded notion, that he could not *colour* them. His dislike of fresh green is a curious idiosyncrasy in him; no drawing exists, that I know of, founded frankly on that key of colour, nor is there any evidence of his having taken any pleasure in the colours of flowers. Here, the upper foliage is grey or black, and the foreground weedy, while the real delights of such a place would have been altogether in spring-time, when all the grey trunks would have been fresh in leaf, and the primroses bright among the rocks. That the figures should be dressed only in black and white became necessary, in this subdued key of general tones: but may perhaps also suggest some reason for it, which we cannot know.

27. THE AVENUE, FARNLEY.

Nearly the same tones of colour, however, are adopted here, but a gleam of blue on the white figure completes what was always Turner's ideal of a lady's dress.

A quite magnificent sketch, but grievously injured by damp and various ill-treatment. I have no idea what the original effect was in the distance—now hopelessly darkened.

27A. THE DRACHENFELS (from the Fawkes Collection).

FIFTH GROUP. REALITY. ENGLAND DISQUIETED.

THE drawings we have hitherto examined have, without exception, expressed one consistent impression on the young painter's mind, that the world, however grave or sublime in some of its moods or passions, was nevertheless constructed entirely as it ought to be; and was a fair and noble world to live in, and to draw. Waterfalls, he thought, at Terni (No. 16), did entirely right to fall; mountains, at Bonneville (No. 9), did entirely right to rise; monks, at Fiesole (No. 14), did well to measure their hours; lovers, at Farnley (No. 26), to forget them; and the calm of Vesuvius was made more lovely, as its cone more lofty, by the intermittent blaze of its volcanic fire.

But a time has now come when he recognises that all is not right with the world—a discovery contemporary, probably, with the more grave one that all was not right within himself. Howsoever it came to pass, a strange, and in many respects grievous metamorphosis takes place upon him, about the year 1825. Thenceforward he shows clearly the sense of a terrific wrongness and sadness,

mingled in the beautiful order of the earth; his work becomes partly satirical, partly reckless, partly—and in its greatest and noblest features—tragic.

This new phase of temper shows itself first in a resolute portraiture of whatever is commonplace and matter-of-fact in life, to take its full place in opposition to the beautiful and heroic. We may trace this intent unmistakably in the “*Liber Studiorum*,” where indeed the commonplace prevails to an extent greatly destructive of the value of the series, considered as a whole; the “*Hedging and Ditching*,” “*Watercress Gatherers*,” “*Young Anglers*,” and other such plates, introducing rather discord than true opponent emotion among the grander designs of pastoral and mountain scenery. With this change of feeling came a twofold change of technical method. He had no patience with his vulgar subjects, and dashed them in with violent pencilling and often crude and coarse colour, to the general hurting of his sensitiveness in many ways; and, perhaps, the slight loss of defining power in the hand. For his beautiful subjects, he sought now the complete truth of their colour but as a part of their melancholy sentiment; and thus it came to pass that the loveliest hues, which in the hands of every other great painter express nothing but delight and purity, are with Turner wrought most richly when they are pensive; and wear with their dearest beauty the shadows of death. How far he was himself responsible for this change, and how far it was under the conditions of his London life inevitable—and what modern philosophers would call the development of natural law—I have no means of deciding; but, assuredly, whether faultful or fated, real conditions of error affect his work from this time forward, in consequence of which it in many respects

greatly lost its influence with the public. When they see, gathered now together in one group, examples of the drawings in which the calamitous change is expressed most clearly, the public may perhaps see how in the deepest sense their own follies were the cause of all that they blamed, and of the infinitely greater all that they lost.

28. WORK. DUDLEY CASTLE.

One of Turner's first expressions of his full understanding of what England was to become. Compare the ruined castle on the hill, and the church spire scarcely discernible among the moon-lighted clouds, as emblems of the passing away of the baron and the monk, with the vignette on the title-page of Bewick's Birds.¹

The hasty execution of the sky, almost with a few radiating sweeps of the brush, is most notable when compared with the tender work in Nos. 21 or 24. I have no doubt that at least *twice the time given to this whole drawing* of Dudley was spent on the *sky* of the Heysham alone.

As an example of rapid execution, however, the drawing is greatly admirable; and quite faultless, to the point it intends.

29. PLAY. RICHMOND BRIDGE, SURREY.

Not so this, though in many respects a very precious drawing to me; among other reasons, because it was the first I ever possessed; my Father buying it for me, thinking I should not ask for another,—

Laid open on the table.

we both then agreeing that it had nearly everything *characteristic* of Turner in it, and more especially the gay figures !

A more wonderful or instructive piece of composition I could not have had by me ; nor was I ever weary of trying to analyze it. After thirty years' endeavour, I finally surrender that hope—with all similar hopes of ever analyzing true inventive or creative work.

One or two quite evident conditions of his artistic method may be specified, however. Among the first, the carrying his mass of foliage by the mass of figures (compare No. 13), and his resolution that, in a work meant especially for a piece of colour, there should be no *black* that did not proclaim itself as such. The parasols are put in the foreground so conspicuously, to repeat and reverse the arches of the bridge (compare notes on No. 19), and the plummy tossing of the foliage, to repeat the feather head-dresses of the figures.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the aërial foliage beyond the bridge ; but the sunshine throughout is partly sacrificed to play of colour, chiefly by the extreme yellowness of the grass, with blue shadows, while the lights on the other colours are kept cool, and the shades warm, those of the crimson shawl by the parasols being pale crimson, with the lights white.

Note again the intensely facile, though therefore most wonderful, laying in of the sky—a few sweeps of broken cobalt blue made into cumulus clouds in a moment by two or three clusters of outline-touches. In the left-hand upper corner, however, the colouring is morbid and impossible, and the whole drawing much reprehensible in its wanton power. Compare

in relation to it, Turner's rough map of the road over the bridge to Sandycombe Lodge (Supplementary Sketches, No. 57.)

30. DEVONPORT.

By comparing the groups of figures in this drawing with those in the other three which I have arranged with it (Nos. 29, 31 and 32), and the boy's drawing, No. 1, I think it will be seen that much of what the public were most pained by in Turner's figure drawing arose from what Turner himself had been chiefly pained by in the public. He saw, and more clearly than he knew himself, the especial forte of England in "vulgarity." I cannot better explain the word than by pointing to those groups of Turner's figures exaggerating this special quality as it manifested itself to him, either in Richmond picnics, barrack domestic life, jockey commerce, or here, finally, in the general relationships of Jack ashore. With all this, nevertheless, he had in himself no small sympathy; he liked it at once and was disgusted by it; and while he lived, in imagination, in ancient Carthage, lived, practically, in modern Margate. I cannot understand these ways of his; only be assured that what offends us in these figures was also, in a high degree, offensive to him, though he chose to paint it as a peculiarly English phenomenon, and though he took in the midst of it, ignobly, an animal English enjoyment, acknowledging it all the while to be ugly and wrong.

His sympathy with the sailor's part of it, however, is deeper than any other, and a most intimate element in his whole life and genius. No more *wonderful* drawing, take it all in all, exists, by his

hand, than this one, and the sky is the most exquisite in my own entire collection of his drawings. It is quite consummately true, as all things are when they are consummately lovely. It is of course the breaking up of the warm rain-clouds of summer, thunder passing away in the west, the golden light and melting blue mingled with yet falling rain, which troubles the water surface, making it misty altogether, in the shade to the left, but gradually leaving the reflection clearer under the warm opening light. For subtle, and yet easily vigorous drawing of the hulls of our old ships of war, study the group in the rain, no less than the rougher one on the right.

31. GOSPORT.

A delightful piece of fast sailing, whether of boats or clouds; and another of the wonderful pieces of Turner composition which are delicious in no explicable manner. It was the second drawing of his I ever possessed, and would be among the last I should willingly part with. The blue sky, exquisitely beautiful in grace of indicated motion through fast-flying white clouds, seems revealed there in pure irony; the rude figures in the boat being very definitely terrestrial and marine, but not heavenly. But with them we close our study of the Disquietudes.

32. ON THE MARCH—WINCHELSEA.

Turner was always greatly interested, I never could make out why, in the low hill and humble antiquities of Winchelsea. The tower and East gate, though little more, either of them, than heaps of old stone, are yet made each a separate subject in the

"Liber Studiorum," and this regiment on the march was introduced before, in an elaborate though smaller drawing of the town from a distance, made for the Southern coast. Here, the piece of thundrous light and wild hailstorm among the houses on the hill to the left is entirely grand, and so also the mingling of the shaken trees (all the grace of their foliage torn out of them by the wind) with the wild rain as they melt back into it. But he has missed his mark in the vermilion of the foreground, which fail in distinction of hues between sunlight and shade: the violently forced shadows on the field (false in form also) not redeeming the want of tone, but rather exhibiting it. He is, throughout, ill at ease, both in himself, and about the men and the camp-followers; partly laughing the strange, half-cruel, half-sorrowful laugh that we wonder at, also, so often, in Bewick: thinking of the trouble the poor fellows are getting into, drenched utterly, just as they stagger up the hill to their quarters, half dead with heat and thirst, and white with dust.

My father gave me the drawing for a birthday present, in 1840, and it used to hang in my rooms at Oxford; no mortal would believe, and now I can scarcely understand myself, the quantity of pleasure it gave me. At that time, I loved storm, and dark weather, and soldiers. *Now*, I want blue sky, pure air, and peace.

SIXTH GROUP. MEDITATION. ENGLAND

PASSING AWAY.

33.

SALISBURY.

The six drawings placed in this next following group are entirely fine examples of the series known as 'Turner's "England and Wales," representing his central power and dominant feelings in middle life, towards his native country.

If the reader will cast his eye down the column of their titles in the introductory table, I think he ought to be struck by the sequence of these six words, expressing their essential subjects:—

CATHEDRAL.

CASTLE.

CASTLE.

CASTLE.

ABBAY.

ABBAY.

He may suppose at first that I myself chose these subjects owing to my love of architecture. But that is not so. They have come to me as Fate appointed, two of them, long coveted, only last year; all of them bought simply as beautiful Turner work, and not at all as representations of architecture. But so it is, that every one of the six was composed by Turner to do honour to some of those buildings of which it is England's present boast that

she needs no more. And, instead of Cathedrals, Castles, or Abbeys, the Hotel, the Restaurant, the Station, and the Manufactory must, in days to come, be the objects of her artist's worship. In the future England and Wales series, the Salisbury Terminus, the Carnarvon Buffet, the Grand Okehampton Hotel, and the United Bolton Mills will be the only objects thought deserving of portraiture. But the future England and Wales will never be painted by Turner.

This drawing is of unsurpassable beauty in its sky, and effect of fast-flying storm and following sunbeams: it is one which also I think every lover of art should enjoy, because it represents in the sweetest way what all have seen, and what it is well within the power of painting to imitate. Few of the public now ever see a sunrise, nor can the colours of sunrise be ever represented but feebly and in many respects inharmoniously, by art; but we all of us are sometimes out in April weather; and its soft clouds and gentle beams are entirely within the scope of Turner's enchantment and arrest. No more lovely or skilful work in water-colour exists than the execution of the distance in this drawing.

34. CARNARVON CASTLE.

Quite one of the most exquisite pieces of Turner's twilight mist. Its primrose-coloured sky has been often objected to, but this is only because Turner is resolved to have the true colour in opposition to his violets, and as he cannot give the relative light, persons who look for effects of light only are always offended. But any one with real eyes for colour, who will look well into the drawing of the rosy towers, and purple mountains and clouds beyond the

Menai, will be thankful for them in their perfectness, and very glad that Turner did not what a common painter would, darken them all down to throw out his twilight.

35. OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

I have arranged these drawings to illustrate Turner's versatility. The contrast between the iridescent sea and misty morning woods must, it seems to me, be felt with pleasant surprise. Remember what division of subject there used to be among old painters—how Hobbema and Both were always in thickets, Cuyp in calm fields, Vandewelde on grey sea—and then think how this man is woodman, or seaman, or cragsman, or eagle in cloud, at his will.

Here we have another pretty instance of the conquest by iteration. The pyramidal form of the castle mound, too conspicuous, is repeated twice over by the angular blocks of sandstone in the foreground; and we are not compelled any more to climb it, whenever we look. The smoke of the sportsman's shot repeats the mist on the far away hills. (I wish Turner had fallen upon some gentler expedient). The winding valley in the left-hand distance, painted with little more than a single wash, and a scratch of light through it, may be taken for example of the painter's loveliest work at speed; but the sky is unusually careless.

36. FLINT CASTLE.

This is the loveliest piece of pure water-colour painting in my whole collection; nor do I know anything elsewhere that can compare, and little that

can rival, the play of light on the sea surface and the infinite purity of colour in the ripples of it as they near the sand.

The violent green and orange in the near figures are in themselves painful ; but they are of invaluable use in throwing all the green in the water, and warm colours of the castle and sky, into aerial distance ; and the effect of the light would have been impossible without them.

37. BOLTON ABBEY.

A deservedly celebrated drawing, analyzed at length in " Modern Painters."

Glorious as the rock drawing is, and beautiful as the flow of the dark stream, I regret the exaggeration of mountain scale which he admitted to fulfil the strength of his mental impression. This habit gained on him in later years injuriously ; and though this Bolton is unrivalled as a piece of lovely art, I denied myself more in giving to Oxford the quiet sincerity of transcript with which his younger spirit revered the streams of Greta and Tees.

38. LEICESTER ABBEY.

Every way consummate, but chiefly in the beautiful drawing of the towered wall of the moat, of the willow branches, and the stepping-stones.

The sunset and moonrise thus associated are not meant to be actually contemporaneous. Strictly, this is two pictures in one ; and we are expected to think of the whole as a moving diorama.

SEVENTH GROUP. MINSTRELSY. THE
PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

ALL the designs of Turner until middle life had been made, it must be remembered, either in his own natural feeling, or under the influence of classic writers only. In Italy he was guided by Virgil and Ovid, in England by Thomson and Pope. But his work under Mr. Rogers brought him into closer relation with modern thought; and now for some seven or eight years he works chiefly under the influence of Scott and Byron, this phase of his mind being typically represented by the "Childe Harold."

The vignettes to Rogers' "Italy" (all but one, in the National Gallery,) were simply his own reminiscences of the Alps and the Campagna, rapidly and concisely given in right sympathy with the meditative poem they illustrate. They are entirely exquisite; poetical in the highest and purest sense; exemplary and delightful beyond all praise.

The illustrations to Scott and Byron were much more laboured, and are more or less artificial and unequal. I have never been able to possess myself of any of the finest; the best I had, Ashestiel, was given to Cambridge. The group shown in the following series represents them very feebly, one only, the plains of Troy, being of their highest class, and even that not representing its order.

39. LOCHMABEN.

Average vignette work, the subject not greatly interesting him. I have never seen it, but suppose the masses of ruin to be nearly shapeless and unmanageable, except in the distance. I am glad to have it, nevertheless, for the sake of the Bruce.

40. THE AVALANCHE ; UNPUBLISHED DRAWING FOR ROGERS' ITALY.

41. THE PLAINS OF TROY.

One of the most elaborate of the Byron vignettes, and full of beauty. I need not hope to make the public believe that the meaning of the sunset contending with the storm is the contest of the powers of Apollo and Athene ; but there is nevertheless no question as to the fact. For Turner's grasp of Homeric sentiment was complete from the day he painted Chryses praying to the sun as it lightened in going down, over the surf of the beach, through the crimson sunrise of the Polyphemus, with the horses of Apollo *drawn* in the orb, down to this piece of passionate pilgrimage, the Childe always leading him, whose true love *was* at last known "from another one" at Missolonghi.

I hope Dr. Schliemann may like it a little ; let me at least thank *him* with reverent heart for all his life's work, and *its* passionate pilgrimages.

42. CORINTH.

This and the next following belong to the series of illustrations of Palestine, to which Turner gave his utmost strength, as far as he knew himself at

this time in what his strength lay. He had never been in Palestine—(his time for *that* pilgrimage is perhaps to come)—and the drawings have grave faults, but are quite unrivalled examples of his richest executive power on a small scale. My three best (“Solomon’s Pool,” “Lebanon,” and “Jericho”) were given to Cambridge and Oxford, but these that I have left are not unworthy. The crowded figures of the foreground here are meant in illustration of St. Paul’s trade: “By their occupation they were tent makers.” You will dislike them at first, but if they were not there, you would have felt the white houses a painful interruption to the Acropolis—as it is they are a reposeful space of light. The square oar in front is to repeat and conquer their squareness; the little triangular flag, to join them with the Acropolis slope; and their divided masses to echo its duplicity.

43. JERUSALEM—THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

From the engraving of this drawing, lent me by one of my girl companions when I was a youth of fourteen, I first learned what real architectural drawing was. I believe it to have been one of the subjects which Turner accepted, when other artists had refused it as intractable, the mere square angle of black walls seeming a hopeless difficulty. But the artifices of shadow or mist and transparent ray, by which he has dealt with it, are too laborious, and by no means wholly true or defensible; to be revered only as his effort to do all his best in a sacred service. I hope that the infinite care and finish thus given, in his advancing age, to subjects not in themselves pleasing to him, will be a practical lesson to the careless egotism in which the rising race of young painters too often waste their narrower power.

EIGHTH GROUP. MORNING. BY THE
RIVERSIDES.

FROM the more or less conscientious, but mistaken temper, in which Turner worked for the illustration of the thoughts of others, and of scenes in which he had little personal interest, he was continually recalled by the impressions on his own mind, in his later continental journeys. These he got into the habit of recording, chiefly for his own pleasure, in the masses of studies which between 1833 and 1845 accumulated in bundles and rolls, seen by none, until my work upon them in the National Gallery after his death. Of these "personal" subjects, he realized two connected series on the French Rivers; of which the subjects on the Seine are on the whole the most *wonderful* work he ever did, and the most admirable in artistic qualities. Those on the Loire, less elaborate, are more majestic and pensive. Fortune enabled me to possess myself of this complete series, and to place it, for the foundation of our future art schooling, in the Galleries of Oxford. Of Seine subjects, fortune gave me one, the Rouen, (No. 46), on the whole the mightiest piece of work in these rooms next to the Goldau (No. 54). Of the unpublished drawings, I obtained, belonging to the same period, one on the Loire, quite inestimable, (given to Oxford Standard Series No. 3); two others are here, variously characteristic, but it is in the National Gallery that his work of this class can alone be adequately studied. It is notable always for its

pensiveness—the chief feeling on his mind being now the sorrow of declining life—with an eternity of beauty in his thoughts.

44. DINANT, ON THE MEUSE.

It will be seen in this drawing how absolutely determined Turner's execution was, leaving the grey or warm tinted paper entirely untouched for part of his ground colour. This Dinant is a study of the highest quality, the rock drawing under the fort insuperable.

45. ON THE RHINE.

The place must be recognizable enough; but almost any reach of the *old* Rhine, with village below, and towers above, served Turner for such a drawing. I say the *old* Rhine, for I suppose these villages, with their little remnant of walls, tree-planted, and clustered gables, and arched bridges over the mountain brooks, are all gone now, and nothing but the rail-station and steamer quay any more visible.

This drawing is one of the most precious I have; to me quite inestimable in expression of pure white in warm sunlight. It is so difficult to keep warm in so bright and unsubdued a tone. The basalt rock drawing is also entirely grand.

46. ROUEN, FROM ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.

No drawing in the great series of the Rivers of France surpasses this, and few equal it. It is beyond all wonder for ease, minuteness, and harmony of power; perfectly true and like the place; also, inestimable as a type of Turner's consummate work.

If any foreign master of landscape painting, hitherto unacquainted with Turner, wishes to know his essential strength, let him study this single drawing, and try to do anything like it.

I have never been certain of the material used by Turner in his drawings on grey paper. It is often common white chalk washed up, and I believe in all cases some preparation of chalk, the difficulty of working with which is trebled by its effect being unseen till dry.

NINTH GROUP. AGAIN THE ALPS.

47.

TELL'S CHAPEL, LAKE LUCERNE.

Between the years 1840 and 1845, Turner went every summer to Switzerland, finding, it seemed, new strength and pleasure among the scenes which had first formed his power. Everyday, on these excursions, furnished him with many more subjects for complete pictures than he could at all sufficiently express, and he could not bear to let any of these escape him. His way was, therefore, to make rapid pencil note of his subject on the spot; and it seems, at his inn in the evening, to put so much colour on this outline as would recall the effect to his mind. The examples of such sketches here given give good idea of their general manner, but all the finest of this kind are in the National Gallery.

This No. 47, is very slight, but a lovely record of his retained impression of the Chapel, first

drawn by him in the exquisite vignette for Rogers. The traveller now passes, at his choice, by the rail behind the chapel, or steamer in front of it. Its legend is no more—and its lake—will doubtless be made a reservoir, in due time.

48. DAZIO GRANDE.

On the Italian side of the St. Gothard, two miles above Faido. Magnificent. See notes in Epilogue.

TENTH GROUP. SUNSET.

SEE Epilogue for notes, on these, the noblest drawings ever made by him for passion and fully developed power. Failing only in some qualities of execution, never attainable but by the scrupulous patience of youth; and in some of delineation incompatible with their effect of light, and of magnitude.

Only four of the drawings in this group, however, belong to it properly; 52 is placed with it for illustration, belonging to a much earlier date.

49. COBLENTZ.

The old bridge over the Moselle, Ehrenbreitstein in the distance on the left. Last minutes of sunset, the river mists rising.

Painted for me by Turner in 1842, and now literally the only existent drawing which gives a complete idea of the ideal of purple and golden colour

in which his latter work for the Academy was done, or of its exquisite execution. The "Sun of Venice," the San Benedetto looking towards Fusina, the "Approach to Venice," the "Cemetery at Murano," and such others, were all as exquisite as this; but they rotted, rent, faded, and mouldered away in miserable patches of variously deforming changes, *darkening* in spots; but to the rich colours bringing pallor, and to the subtle ones, absolute effacement. Cleaning, and retouching over cracks, followed, and the ruin is now total. The drawing alone remains to show what they once were, and how they were painted. There is nothing in painters' work of any time more exquisite, as any painter may quickly find out, who will try to copy the right-hand side of it, with the gliding boat, struck with a few lines of brown and vermillion over the exquisitely laid ground of blue and purple; or who will similarly work out a square inch of the reflections on the left under the bridge.

50. THE SPLUGEN.

This magnificent drawing was presented to Mr. Ruskin by a number of his friends, in May, 1878, upon his recovery from his severe illness. It was shown towards the close of the 1878 Exhibition, and a note was inserted in the catalogue, in which, while expressing his thanks, he stated that his illness left him in too shaken and stunned a condition to say all he felt either concerning the gift or the drawing. He however referred to it later on as showing that "Turner's mind was set in making it, on the sympathy of the rocks with the decline of all human power, in their own dissolution; the frag-

ments at the foot of this strong rock being only cloven pieces of its ancient mass, fallen, and for the most part swept away—and the dark plain being itself only the diffused wreck of the purple mountains that rise from it, rounded like thunder-clouds.”

In a further note he added that there were “neither snows—nor pines—in Turner’s Switzerland! No, nor are these all that he refuses us. I have heard of other artists who avoided pines, and have known few who drew them affectionately. But there are no other trees, here on our Splügen Pass, of any kind. Not even an avalanche-torn trunk. Of wild chestnut glade among the rocks, of domestic walnut and cherry by the cottage—nothing. The felicity of the abiding shade at the door—the wealth of the wandering vine about its balconies—unheeded by him; only those scratches in the shadow, scarcely intelligible, stand for the trimmed vineyard—necessary absolutely for indication of heat in the plains and its lowest hills.”

51. PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

Just above Faido. Painted for me with No. 54, in 1843: etched by myself, and described at length in “*Modern Painters*,” to which I must refer the reader: some notes on the selection of the subject are however added here in the Epilogue.

52. ITALY OF THE OLDEN TIME.—(Sixty years since, I mean).

An unique drawing of Turner’s early period, curiously broad in execution, majestic in tone, with extremest subtlety of subdued colour:—inimitable

modelling of hill masses, and superb composition throughout: but foliage treatment as yet not fully developed, and bough drawing still grossly imperfect.

Placed here to complete, for my readers, the old-fashioned journey from Coblentz by Constance, and the St. Gothard, into deep Italy, as Turner knew it, and as we old travellers knew it,—doing thirty or forty miles a day, chatting in every village, walking up every hill, staying in every lovely place; and seeing, what none of you, my poor readers, can ever see more—human life in its peace, and its homes.

53. CONSTANCE.

Like the Coblentz drawing of the year 1842, and a greater and better one than the last, but not so entirely illustrating his Academy pictures, because the sky here is laid in with a magnificently bold first wash, and the green reflections on the left with the same audacity, while his Academy pictures at this time were laboured throughout like No. 49.

Part of the Lake of Constance is seen, pale behind the city, retiring under the far-away blue clouds, from behind which the sun is just going to rise. There are many points of resemblance here to the composition of the "Leicester Abbey," and both drawings are consummate work of their time, but the "Constance" is unique in its luxury of colour.

54. GOLDAU.

Lake of Zug in the distance, seen like a lake of lava under the fiery sunset. Under the dark masses of rock in the foreground lies buried the ancient village of Goldau. The spire of the village of Aart

is here seen as a point of fire at the edge of the distant lake.

Painted for me in 1843. Engraved in "Modern Painters," being on the whole the mightiest drawing of his final time.

55. LINLITHGOW CASTLE.

56. THE GLACIER DES BOSSONS.

Fierce, fresh sketch, colossal in power. Directed chiefly to show the looseness of the huge tumbled blocks of moraine, and the distortion of the bent trees. The leaving the outline of the ice clear with one wash is especially characteristic of him.

This drawing has been touched with chalky white, not easily seen, except in side light; but the ice-drawing is much dependent on it.

Observe in this and the Bonneville (No. 9), that Turner is no slave to method, but unhesitatingly uses two methods when there are two textures. In both, he takes the rough near lights out roughly, and lays the light on the snow and ice smoothly. But he would only allow himself this licence in sketching. His finished work is always consistent in method, either all transparent (as No. 11) or all opaque (as No. 26). The two white parasols in No. 29 are literally the only instance known to me of his using body-white in a transparent drawing, and, I doubt not, then only because he had scratched the paper too thin to trust it.

ILLUSTRATIVE STUDIES, SUPPLEMEN-
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57. INVITATION TO DINE AT HIS HOUSE, SANDYCOMBE.

With scratched Guide Map, and hieroglyph of Richmond Bridge (in the manner of Drayton's "Polyolbion"); compare No. 29 "Play." He never called it so to me, but it is vulgar English play, as opposed to vulgar English work.

58. PHEASANT.

Rapid note of colour for a bit in foreground; splendid.

59. GREENWICH.

60. JAY.

The most wonderful piece of water-colour work at speed I have.

61. RAINBOW.

Effect dashed down on the inside of the cover of sketchbook, all the paper being gone, his point being the gradation of light in the bow to the darkness of cloud; rare, therefore noted eagerly and

energetically. Wild sea, chalk cliffs with faint rosy light from rosy distant clouds, opening of blue sky beyond the rain, the veil being withdrawn gradually.

I bought the whole book from his good Margate housekeeper, in whose house, at Chelsea, he died.

62. FLYING SCUD of thundercloud, heavy central storm, eddies of advancing tide meeting over tongue of sand.

Noble. (Out of same book).

63. STUDIES FOR THREE SUBJECTS.

One under another, the highest, sunset on beach, nearly a perfect drawing. The lowest has its study of green and white sea upside down.

64. STUDY FOR FISH.

Coming on at speed, in the Slaver (modern trade?).

65. STUDY FOR FISH.

Looking up to the sky, in the Slaver (modern philosophy?).

66. HEAPED THUNDERCLOUD, over sea and land. Light breaking over far horizon.

Mighty work. A leaf out of the same book as Nos. 61 and 62.

67. STUDIES FOR THREE SUBJECTS.

Moonrise (at top) wonderful.

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD,
February, 21, 1878.

ADDENDA.

FURTHER ILLUSTRATIVE STUDIES.

68.

PORTRAIT OF TURNER AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 17,
by himself.

I have placed in this group a few studies in colour, letters, and the like, of various interest, but which could not be properly examined in any consecutive way with the larger drawings. Of these, the principal is the "Study" of Turner by himself, No. 68, given by him to his housekeeper, and by her (Mrs. Danby) bequeathed to me. It in the first place shows the broad and somewhat clumsy manner of his painting in the "school days;" in the second, it is to me who knew him in his age, entirely the germ and virtually capable contents of the man I knew. But more—of it, or of him—I am not able to say here or now.

69. HIS FIRST (KNOWN) SKETCH BOOK; open at his first sketch of Malmesbury.¹

70. HIS LAST SKETCH BOOK IN COLOUR. It is full of such memoranda of skies.

71. HIS ACTUALLY LAST SKETCH BOOK.

¹ Bought by me at Bristol, where it had been left. Nos. 71—74 given me by Mrs. Booth. The little water-colour palette, it will be observed—sent out for in his last illness—has the colours on the wrong side, his hand never having *lifted* it.

- 72. HIS WORKING COLOUR BOX (for travelling).
- 73. HIS LAST PALETTE, as it was left.
- 74. HIS LIST OF COLOURS FOR HIS PAINT BOX.
- 75. LETTER FROM HIM TO MR. RUSKIN'S FATHER.

76. Do. Do. Do.

Mr. Ruskin marked on this letter:—"The date of this letter (returning thanks to my mother for a present of pork) may be found by reference to the last wars of the Swiss Cantons—Catholics against Protestants."

- 77. LETTER FROM HIM TO MR. RUSKIN.

Endorsed as follows:—"This letter refers to the last drawings executed for me by Turner ('The Brunig,' 'The Descent of Mount St. Gothard,' and 'Airolo,') and to the last call made by my mother at Queen Anne's Street."

- 78. LETTER FROM HIM TO MR. RUSKIN.
- 79. LETTER FROM MR. TURNER to Mr. Ruskin accepting an invitation to dine with him and his mother on New Year's Day.
- 80. COPY OF LETTER (by Mr. Ruskin) from Turner to the father of Mr. Hammersley, School of Art, Manchester—his father having asked Turner's advice as to making him an artist.
- 81. TURNER'S RING, which he always wore.
- 82. TURNER'S UMBRELLA, with sword-stick handle, which he always carried with him upon his Swiss and Italian journeys as a defence against brigands.
- 83. PORTRAIT OF MR. RUSKIN, painted by Mr. Arthur Severn in 1898.
- 84. WATER-COLOUR OF MR. RUSKIN'S BEDROOM, in which he died, by Mr. Arthur Severn, 1900.

EPILOGUE.

BETWEEN the years 1840 and 1845, Turner executed a series of drawings under quite other conditions than those which he had previously accepted, or insisted on. The history of these drawings, known to me, down to somewhat minute particulars, will, I think, be at least in several of these, interesting to the reader, after the thirty years' interval; and at all events, illustrative of some of the changes which have taken place during that interval, in our estimate of the monetary value of a painter's toil. In the years 1840 and 1841, Turner had been, I believe, for the greater part of their summers in Switzerland; and, as aforesaid, had filled, for his own pleasure, many note-books with sketches such as those numbered 47 and 48. My statement in p. 46 that "all the finest are in the National Gallery," is a little too general, for a grander one than 48 exists nowhere.

That sketch, with fourteen others, was placed by Turner in the hands of Mr. Griffith of Norwood, in the winter of 1841-1842, as giving some clue to, or idea of, drawings which he proposed to make from them, if any buyers of such productions could by Mr. Griffith's zeal be found.

There were, therefore, in all, fifteen sketches, of which Turner offered the choice to his public; but he proposed only to make *ten* drawings. And of these ten, he made anticipatorily four, to manifest what their quality would be, and honestly "show his hand" (as Raphael to Durer) at his sixty-five years of age,—whether it shook or not, or had otherwise lost its cunning.

Four thus exemplary drawings I say he made for specimens, or *signs*, as it were, for his re-opened shop, namely:

1. THE PASS OF THE SPLUGEN. No. 50.

2. MONT RIGHI, seen from Lucerne, in the morning, dark against dawn.

3. MONT RIGHI, seen from Lucerne at evening, red with the last rays of sunset.

4. LAKE LUCERNE (the Bay of Uri) from above Brunnen, with exquisite blue and rose mists and 'mackerel' sky on the right.

And why he should not have made all the ten, to his own mind, at once, who shall say? His oil pictures, he never asked the public to choose the subject of!—nay, at this time of his life, he made his selections for the Exhibition with some definite *adversity* to the public's advice, as conveyed to him by its critics! Why, therefore, of these direct impressions from the nature which he had so long loved, should he have asked anybody to choose which he should realize? So it was, however; partly, it seems, in uncertainty whether anybody would care to have them at all.

So he went to Mr. Griffith of Norwood. I loved—yes, loved—Mr. Griffith; and the happy hours he got for me! (I was introduced to Turner on Mr. Griffith's garden-lawn.) He was the only person whom Turner minded at that time: But my father could not bear him. So there were times, and times.

One day, then, early in 1842, Turner brought the four drawings above-named, and the fifteen sketches in a roll in his pocket, to Mr. Griffith (in Waterloo Place, where the sale-room was).

I have no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of Mr. Griffith's report of the first conversation. Says Mr. Turner to Mr. Griffith, "What do you think you can get for such things as these?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner: "Well, perhaps, commission included, eighty guineas each."

Says Mr. Turner to Mr. Griffith: "Ain't they worth more?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner (after looking curiously into the execution, which, you will please note, is rather what some people might call hazy): "They're a little different from your usual style"—(Turner silent, Griffith does not push the point)—"but—but—yes, they are *worth* more, but I could not *get* more."

(Questions of intrinsic value, and political economy in Art, you see, early forced on my attention.)

So the bargain was made that if Mr. Griffith could sell ten drawings—the four signs, to wit, and six others—for eighty guineas each, Turner would make the six others from such of the fifteen sketches as the purchasers chose, and Griffith should have ten per cent. *out* of the eight hundred total (Turner had expected a thousand, I believe).

So then Mr. Griffith thinks over the likely persons to get commissions from, out of all England, for ten drawings by Turner! and these not quite in his usual style, too, and he sixty-five years old;—reputation also pretty nearly overthrown finally by Blackwood's Magazine;—a hard thing enough; but the old man must be pleased if possible! So Griffith did his best.

He sent to Mr. Munro, of Novar, Turner's old companion in travel; he sent to Mr. Windus, of Tottenham; he sent to Mr. Bicknell, of Herne Hill; he sent to my father and me.

Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, came first, and at once said "the style was changed, he did not quite like it." (He was right, mind you; he knew his Turner, in style). "He would not have any of these drawings." I, as Fors would have it, came next; but my father was travelling for orders, and I had no authority to do anything. The Splügen Pass I saw in an instant to be the noblest Alpine drawing Turner had ever till then made; and the red Righi, such a piece of colour as had never come *my* way before. I wrote to my

father, saying I would fain have that Splugen Pass, if he were home in time to see it, and give me leave. Of more than one drawing I had no hope, for my father knew the worth of eighty guineas; we had never before paid more than from fifty to seventy, and my father said it was "all Mr. Griffith's fault they had gone up to eighty."

Mr. Bicknell, of Herne Hill, bought the blue Righi, No. 2. It used to hang in his drawing-room, next the window, opposite another drawing, next the door, of which presently.

Then came Mr. Munro, of Novar, and bought the Lucerne lake, No. 4 (and the red Righi? ¹), and both Mr. Munro and Mr. Bicknell chose a sketch to be "realized"—Mr. Bicknell, another Lucerne lake; and Mr. Munro, a Zurich, with white sunshine in distance.

So, you see, when Turner came to hear how things were going on, two of the sketches were provided for, which was pretty well, considering the change of style. Three out of the four pattern drawings he had shown were really bought—"And not *that*," said Turner, shaking his fist at the Pass of the Splugen;—but said no more!

I came and saw the Pass of the Splugen again, and heard how things were going on, and I knew well why Turner had said "And not *THAT*."

And next day Munro of Novar came again; and *he* also knew why Turner had said "not that," and made up his mind; and bought the Pass of the Splugen.

At last my father came home. I had not the way of explaining my feelings to him somehow, any more than Cordelia to *her* father; nevertheless, he knew them enough to say I might have *one* of the sketches realized. He went with me, and chose with me, to such end, the original of the Coblentz, No. 49, here. The *sketch* we saw is now in

¹ I am not absolutely sure about *this* drawing, whether Mr. Bicknell or Mr. Munro bought it.

the National Gallery. That made seven, in all, bought and ordered. Three others had to be placed yet, before Turner would begin to work.

Mr. Munro was got to order one more, a Righi dark in twilight. By hard coaxing, and petitioning, I got my father's leave to promise to take a Lucerne Town, if it turned out well! The other sketches no one liked, no one would have them at any price; only nine drawings could be got orders for, and there poor Mr. Griffith was. Turner growled; but said at last he would do the nine, *i.e.*, the five more to be realized.

He set to work in the spring of 1842: after three or four weeks, he came to Mr. Griffith, and said, in growls, at intervals, "The drawings were well forward, and he had after all put the tenth in hand, out of those that no one would have: he thought it would turn out as well as any of them; if Griffith liked to have it for his commission, he might." Griffith agreed, and Turner went home content, and finished his ten drawings for seven hundred and twenty guineas, cash clear. Griffith's commission drawing, the one that no one would have, is No. 53, Constance, and we'll talk of its quality a little, presently, oh, recusant British Public! but first I'll finish my story, please.

My conditional drawing, also, turned out well, and I was allowed to take it, but with comment. "I was sure you would be saddled with that drawing," said my father.

Four or five years ago—Mr. Vokins knows when, I haven't the date handy here—he came out to me, saying he wanted a first-rate Turner drawing, had I one to spare?

"Well," I said, "I have none to *spare*, yet I have a reason for letting *one* first-rate one go, if you give me a price."

"What will you take?"

"A thousand pounds."

Mr. Vokins wrote me the cheque in Denmark Hill drawing-room, (my old servant, Lucy Tovey, bringing pen and

ink,) and took the Lucerne. Lucy, amazed and sorrowful, put the drawing into his carriage.

I wished to get *dead* Turner, for one drawing, his own original price for the whole ten, and thus did. Of the remaining eight drawings, this is the brief history.

Mr. Munro some years afterwards would have allowed me to have the Splugen Pass, for four hundred pounds, through White of Maddox Street; my father would then have let me take it for that, but I myself thought it hard on him and me, and would not, thinking it would too much pain my father. It remained long in the possession of Mr. Munro's nephew; so also the Novar Lucerne Lake, and Zurich. But of that, and of the red Righi, there were at first vicissitudes that are too long to tell; only, when the ten drawings were finished, and at Waterloo Place, their possession was distributed thus:—

1. SPLUGEN	.	.	.	Munro of Novar.
2. BLUE RIGHI	.	.	.	Mr. Bicknell.
3. RED RIGHI	.	.	.	Munro of Novar.
4. LUCERNE LAKE	.	.	.	Munro of Novar.
5. LUCERNE LAKE	.	.	.	Mr. Bicknell.
6. LUCERNE TOWN	.	.	.	J. R.
7. COBLENTZ	.	.	.	J. R.
8. CONSTANCE	.	.	.	Mr. Griffith.
9. DARK RIGHI	.	.	.	Munro of Novar.
10. ZURICH	.	.	.	Munro of Novar.

Mr. Griffith soon afterwards let me have the Constance for eighty guineas, and the day I brought that drawing home to Denmark Hill was one of the happiest in my life.

Nos. 1, 4, and 10 were, I believe, lately sold at Christie's.¹

No. 5 was bought at Mr. Bicknell's sale long ago, far over my head, and went to Edinburgh; there was a pretty story connected with it, which I think is known to Dr. John Brown.

¹ No. 4 was bought by Mr. Newall, of Ferndene, Gateshead.

No. 6 is—I know not where ; very sorrowful am I that it is not here—for all my thousand pounds.

Nos. 7 and 8 are here, as Nos. 49 and 53.

No. 3 was once mine also. It had a correction in it, which I regretted ; and I let it go, which I regret more. Mr. Mackay of Colnaghi's had it of me, I don't know who has it now.

No. 9 was sold at Christie's while I was last at Venice.

No. 2 was sold with No. 5 at Mr. Bicknell's sale, and went I know not where.

Turner had never made any drawings like these before, and never made any like them again. But he offered, in the next year (1843), to do ten more on the same terms. But now—only five commissions could be got. My father allowed me to give two: Munro of Novar took three. Nobody would take any more. Turner was angry ; and, partly ill, drawing near the end, you perceive. He did the five, but said it was lucky there were no more to do.

The five were :

1. KUSSNACHT. Munro of Novar.

2. ZUG. Munro of Novar.

3. (I forget at this moment Munro's third.) I think it was the Zurich by moonlight, level over the rippling Limmat ; a noble drawing, but not up to the mark of the rest.

4. GOLDAU. (No. 54.) J. R.

5. ST. GOTHARD. (No. 51.) J. R.

Mr. Munro thought the Zug too blue, and let me have it. Nos. 51 and 54 were done passionately ; and somewhat hastily, as drawing near the end. Nevertheless, I would not take all the rest of the collection put together for them.

For the end had *not* come, though it was near. His full, final, unshortened strength is in these ; but put forth, as for the last time—in the presence of the waiting Fate. Summing his thoughts of many things—nay, in a sort of all things. He is not showing his hand, in these ; but his heart. The Constance and Coblenz here, with the

Splugen (1), Bay of Uri (4), and Zurich (10), of the year 1842, are the most finished and faultless works of his last period; but these of 1843 are the truest and mightiest. There is no conventionalism—no exhibition of art in them;—absolute truth of passion, and truth of memory, and sincerity of endeavour. “That litter of stones which I *endeavoured* to represent,” he said to me himself of the St. Gothard, which recalled to him so many earlier visions of the fierce Reuss and Ticino; and of the Power that poured them from the clouds, and clove the earth with rivers.

I can't write any more of them just now. Perhaps during the exhibition I may get a few further notes and illustrative studies together: but, none will be of real use, unless the spectator both knows, and *loves* the Alps, in some measure, as Turner knew and loved them, which—for aught I know—there may yet be some who do:—but one cannot say. For assuredly none who love them, ever peril on them either their Love, or Life.

BRANTWOOD, 10th May, 1878.

Being my Father's birthday—who—though as aforesaid, he sometimes would not give me this, or that,—yet gave me, not only all these drawings, but Brantwood—and all else.

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